

# THE VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

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WILLIAMSBURG, VA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1900.

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## A SUNSET AND A SOUL.

By cares of earth and many ills oppress  
I longingly gazed out toward the west.  
Where dusky clouds masses softly draped in  
gray  
Seemed like half-mourning worn for close  
of day.  
For just before the veiled sun sank to  
sleep  
Among those fleecy beds above the deep.  
Just overhead along the curved-lake shore,  
A canopy of black clouds covered o'er  
The vaulted sky, the sad and somber earth.  
As though made to extinguish joy and  
mirth;  
Observing these I mused and sadly said:  
"Gray skies beyond and black ones over-  
head."

Straightway a miracle before my eyes  
Brought forth swift transformation and  
surprise:  
The gray clouds were swept backward and  
unrolled,  
And from the black arched there a bridge  
of gold  
Joining them to the gray, which then un-  
furled  
Making grand portals pillared and im-  
pearled.

And there shone colors of a million gems  
Such as ne'er graced king's diadems.  
Celestial pathways tinted and inlaid  
With all that God and Nature's magic  
made,  
A bridge from darkness to love's radiant  
light  
And Heaven's gate smiling beyond earth  
and night.

Therefore I said: "Go forth, my trusting  
soul,  
Over the black clouds of earth's dearth and  
dole,  
Heaven's architects across the chasm poise  
Their bridge to glory and celestial joys.  
Clouds may obscure thy skies both east and  
west,  
But shining ways reach harbors of the  
east,  
Joining thy land of clouds to lands of rest."  
I. EDGAR JONES.

## AN INTERLUDE

By Virna Woods.

THE day was warm. In the Sacra-  
mento depot, the ever increasing  
crowd swayed to and fro, surging over  
the very track on which the overland  
trains would come with its burden of  
troops from the east. The air was  
heavy with the scent of flowers.

The long balcony in front of the su-  
perintendent's office was filled with a  
line of gayly-dressed people, who stood  
patiently looking at the moving mass  
below them. There workmen from the  
great railroad shops stood in dainty  
attire; and schoolboys and  
street urchins dodged under the arms  
of their elders, making for themselves  
swift serpentine paths through the  
crowd.

Almost in the center of the station  
a fat Mexican woman stood guard over  
a baby buggy, in which sat a black-  
eyed infant clutching a tiny American  
flag in its dirty little hand.

There was a sudden pressure from  
the crowd at the end of the depot, and  
the band marched in.

In the forward movement of the  
crowd Gertrude Soriver found herself  
forced to the verge of the platform, and  
not far from the nearest track. She  
stood there with her sister, a plump  
figure in lavender. One year of mar-  
riage and two of widowhood had taken  
little from her youth, and she thought  
with a smile that any possible acquain-  
tance among the troops from her old  
home could not fail to recognize her.

A vague excitement stirred her; an  
undefined recognition of the potential-  
ities of the incidents of life. As she  
left her home, she had plucked a single  
magnolia as an offering to some one  
she might chance to know. Now she  
held the blossom carefully, that it  
might not be crushed in the crowd.

The scream of a whistle was followed  
by the rush of the train into the  
crowded station. Soldiers leaned from  
the windows with wreaths of roses on  
their heads, or stood on the platforms,  
their hands full of flowers. In the  
midst of the music and cheers women  
pressed forward with baskets of flow-  
ers, holding them up to the windows.  
In their wake followed a train of young  
girls, some of them demanding hard-  
tack and brass buttons, and others ask-  
ing for the soldiers' autographs in  
their albums.

Mrs. Scriver stood still, eagerly scan-  
ning the cars as they passed, for the  
glimpse of a familiar face. Now, as  
she tried to move along the line, she  
found herself hemmed in by the crowd.  
Her sister had fallen behind, and was  
talking to an acquaintance behind her.

The train had stopped. Under the  
command of an officer, a detail of sol-  
diers, two from each car, marched  
through the waiting-room into a large  
room beyond, where a committee of la-  
dies handed them baskets of provisions  
and boxes of fruit. The baskets con-  
tained sandwiches and radishes and  
onions, with envelopes of salt, and po-  
tato salad done up in candy boxes. The  
fruit consisted of oranges and cherries,  
with lemons for the sick. The march-  
ing of the soldiers increased the noise  
and the movement of the crowd.

The music of the band had changed to  
"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."  
A boy of 18 or 19 leaned out of a win-  
dow and received a bunch of carnation  
pinks with a smile. Mrs. Scriver  
watched him with momentary amuse-  
ment. On his head and about his neck  
were garlands of flowers, and the but-  
tonholes of his jacket were decorated  
with blossoms.

She passed on, pausing a moment to  
listen to the incoherent chatter of a  
blue-coat in the next car. He leaned  
far out the window, detailing his ex-  
periences with more fluency than gram-  
mar, to a group of interested listeners.

At the next window sat a great, stolid  
fellow, surveying the scene about him  
in grave silence. She wondered idly  
what rustic region had been his home,  
and what thoughts moved sluggishly  
in his brain. Then she upbraided her-  
self for her instinctive classification of  
him. Had he not volunteered to fight  
and to die, if need be, for his country?  
And had not that deed alone placed

him above the plane of mere intellec-  
tualty?

"Give me your flower, lady," said a  
saucy young voice.

She looked up into a pair of laughing  
eyes. The owner of the orbs put his  
head out of the window, and she saw  
that it was crowned with a wreath of  
roses. He held a bouquet in his hand.

"No," she said; "I will save it for  
some poor fellow who hasn't any."

A voice sounded close in her ears as  
though in answer to her remark.

"They say that the boys in the cars  
at the rear are complaining that they  
don't get any attention," it said.

She pushed her way through the  
crowd, still scanning the faces at the  
windows. The large white petals of the  
magnolia had begun to droop.

The time of the stop at Sacramento  
had almost expired when she reached  
the last car. Here the crowd had  
thinned and several officers stood on  
the depot platform, talking to little  
knots of people. One was standing  
with his back to her. She stopped with  
shortened breath and grew suddenly  
white.

In a moment the crowd, the cheers,  
the music and the flags had faded from  
her senses. She stood in a suburban  
garden of an eastern city, with the  
spicy scent of pinks in her nostrils and  
the breath of the evening breeze on her  
hot cheeks. A man stood looking down  
at her with grave, dark eyes.

"Will you send me away without  
chance of explanation?" he said.

"There is no explanation possible,"  
she replied, hotly. "I never want to see  
you again."

Then she turned and fled; but be-  
hind the mock-orange hedge she  
watched him as he went sadly away,  
and all her pride could not keep the  
tears from brimming over in her eyes.

It had been a foolish lovers' quarrel;  
but she had married and gone away,  
and they had not heard from each other  
for more than three years.

Then the young officer turned, as  
though in answer to her fixed gaze. He  
started forward, and held out his hand:

"Gertrude!" he cried.

She looked at him, bewildered; and  
her eyes dropped beneath the unguard-  
ed ardor of his. Both were oblivious of  
the people and the noise about them.  
Both had forgotten the years that had  
separated them. They knew only that  
they were together again.

"Have you no word for me?" he said.  
And again his eyes were grave and sad,  
as on the day he left her in the gar-  
den.

"I have brought you this," she re-  
plied, holding out to him the drooping  
magnolia.

"How did you know I would be here?"  
he asked.

"I did not know," she answered, sim-  
ply; "but I must have felt it, for I  
would give it to no one else."

He took it from her hand and looked  
into her eyes with a searching, passion-  
ate gaze. Then he remembered. He  
stepped back, his face suddenly veiled  
in a mask.

"How is Jack?" he asked, dully.

"Jack?" she repeated, wonderingly.  
"Don't you know? Jack has been dead  
for two years."

A flame of color flashed in his white  
face. The scream of the whistle rose  
over the roar of voices and the soldiers  
on the platform scrambled hastily on  
to the cars. The crowd pressed closer to  
the cars and the girls with autograph  
albums began to say good-by. But he  
had moved nearer to her and had taken  
her hand.

"Trude!" he said, softly.

Tears sprang to her eyes at the word.  
She had not heard the pet name for  
years.

"Gertrude," she said, "it was my fault."  
He knew to what she referred, and  
he had no time to waste words.

"It was mine as well," he replied. "I  
should have written you the explana-  
tion when you would not listen. Shall  
I tell you now?"

She shook her head. The moment of  
time that was left them was too pre-  
cious to lose.

"You need never explain," she said;  
"I know that I was wrong. Tell me  
what you have done since I saw you  
last."

"I went to Philadelphia to practice  
law," he replied. "My uncle made me  
his partner."

He came closer to her and spoke in  
vehement tones.

"I am going away," he said.

"Yes," she assented, "you are going  
to Manila." Her voice broke and a  
mist blurred her vision. She knew what  
it meant to him; hardship, danger  
and a broken career; and she knew  
also what it would henceforth mean  
to her.

"Will you marry me if I come back?"  
he asked.

The train had begun to move and he  
turned toward it instinctively. But he

looked back for her reply. Their eyes  
met in flashing glance.

"Yes," she whispered.

He wrung her hand; then sprang on  
the steps of the rear platform of the  
last car. A fellow officer slapped him  
on the back and laughed.

"That was a desperate flirtation," he  
said. But his companion did not hear  
him.

The people began to follow the slowly  
moving train. Gertrude went with  
them, holding always her place at the  
edge of the crowd. Her eyes were fixed  
on the platform of the last car, where  
the young officer stood with his ban-  
tering companion. With one hand he  
was waving his cap to her; with the  
other he pressed the magnolia against  
his breast.—Boston Globe.

## UNFAIR TO BANGOR.

The Revenge of Maine Marketmen  
Who Were Prevented from  
Shipping Game.

Almost every town in Maine of 1,000  
or more inhabitants has from one to  
ten markets where venison is retailed  
all through the open season. Here is  
the very heart of the game region  
where from 15 to 30 tons of venison pass  
west every day in the week, no man can  
buy venison at any price, and men who  
want the meat of deer must ride far out  
on the road to Amherst or Ellsworth  
and run the chance of meeting a hunter  
who is bringing a carcass to market,  
says the New York Sun.

The famine came about through a  
fit of temper of the marketmen, who  
are angry because the new law will  
not permit them to ship game and game  
birds out of the state. Previous to 1894  
from 100 to 250 partridges were sent  
west from Bangor every day. Market-  
men had from ten to twenty gunners  
constantly in their employ shooting  
partridges, snipe and woodcock for  
Boston and New York markets, where  
birds commanded fancy prices. As-  
soon as the law prohibiting the sale of  
game birds was enacted, the market-  
men agreed to handle no game of any  
kind, and the embargo has been rigi-  
dly enforced.

Last year Fred Johnson, who is the  
Deputy of Bangor, took out a  
license to sell venison to such of his  
customers as wanted deer meat on  
their tables at home, but the market-  
men refused to patronize his place  
and did all they could to injure his  
trade. This year he found that they  
were doing him more harm than the  
profits on sales were doing good, and  
when it came to take out licenses for  
1900 he did not ask for a renewal.  
Meantime Portland, Augusta, Rock-  
land and other Maine cities that have  
no deer within 50 miles of their limits  
are having all the deer meat they can  
eat, and are getting it cheaper than the  
price asked for beef.

## TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK.

A Time-Keeping System That Is  
Strongly Urged by the  
Railroads.

According to a decree recently issued  
in Spain the hours will be there  
counted, after January 1, from one to  
twenty-four each day, beginning at  
midnight. The government offices, the  
telegraph, telephone, railroad and  
steamship lines have been directed to  
observe the new method. On this con-  
tinent it may already be seen in the  
time-tables of the Canadian Pacific  
railroad, says the Youth's Companion.

This change has long been urged  
in this country. Some years ago, when  
the railroads brought about the pres-  
ent system of "standard time," or, as  
it used to be called, "railroad time,"  
they desired to inaugurate the 24-  
hour scheme, too. The change was too  
radical to be popular, and rather than  
impair the success of the other part  
of the programme, the railroads aban-  
doned it. Time-tables are now usual-  
ly printed with the afternoon hours  
in heavy type, and morning hours in  
light, and this device eliminates much  
confusion.

If one had nothing to do but to travel  
by rail and study time-tables, the  
proposed change would be eminently  
desirable; but for 99 of every 100 acts  
connected with the railroads, there is  
no confusion arising from the present  
system. When we read that a lecture  
is to begin at eight o'clock, no one  
thinks it is to begin in the morning;  
and if Mary Minna should write to  
say that she will drive over at 11  
o'clock, almost anyone would expect  
to see her in the forenoon, even if she  
did not add "a. m."

In astronomical observatories the  
24-hour system is already in use, ex-  
cept that in them the day begins at  
noon instead of midnight.

## BALLOON ASCENSIONS.

Sensations Experienced by Aeronauts  
at Various Heights—Dang-  
erous Undertakings.

Two Frenchmen recently made an  
ascent in a balloon at Vincennes with  
a view to reaching the greatest alti-  
tude that could possibly be obtained.  
They did not succeed in passing the  
record, however. During their journey  
they kept a record of their impres-  
sions and sensations at various  
heights. They first began to experi-

ence "the nauseating effects of the  
rarefied air at 18,200 feet, when their  
temples ached and their visions were  
blurred. At 20,150 feet, says the Scien-  
tific American, one of the adventurers  
was rendered so ill that he could  
neither speak nor reach his bag of  
oxygen and had to be attended by his  
companion.

Shortly afterward the latter was  
somewhat paralyzed and could only  
move with difficulty. But with the  
application of oxygen they were re-  
stored and they were but little incon-  
venienced. At 21,450 feet they de-  
scribed the cold as being intense and  
that their beards were covered with  
ice. When 22,400 feet was attained  
they were rendered so helpless and  
the pain was so great that they could  
hardly gather sufficient strength to  
open the valve of the balloon. When  
they reached the ground they were in  
a very exhausted condition.

Dr. Berson ascended some months  
ago from London to a height of 27,500  
feet, while Messrs. Coxwell and Glas-  
her ascended to the height of 35,000  
feet, at which altitude one of the trav-  
elers was rendered unconscious, while  
the other only just succeeded in open-  
ing the valve by pulling the rope with  
his teeth.

## COOK ISLANDS ANNEXED.

Great Britain Takes Formal Posses-  
sion of Them at the Request  
of the Chiefs.

On October 5, last, the governor of  
New Zealand landed on the Cook  
Islands and formally annexed them to  
the British empire at the unanimous  
request of the chiefs and people. For  
12 years the islands have been under  
the protection of Great Britain and  
every enactment of the native legis-  
lature has had to receive the approval  
of the British resident at Rarotonga  
before being regarded as law. But  
there has never been any formal an-  
nexation of the group and the natives  
are probably delighted to have that  
ceremony carried out.

The islands, lying far southeast of  
Samoa, are off the usual lines of steam-  
er traffic, and most of their trade is  
carried on with New Zealand and New  
South Wales. They properly bear the  
name of the great navigator Cook, for  
he discovered the greater part of the  
group on his second journey in 1773, and  
made them better known in his voyage  
of 1777. Cook named one of the islands  
Hervey Island, and the missionaries who  
settled there somehow got into the  
habit of applying the name Hervey to  
the whole group, and to-day they are  
called indifferently, the Cook or Hervey  
Islands.

All of them are coral islands, lifted  
only a little way above the sea level, ex-  
cept Rarotonga, the largest and most  
populous, whose volcanic mountain  
rises to a height of 4,600 feet. Rara-  
tonga is one of the pearls of the South  
sea, and is rich in all the products of  
the southern archipelagoes. The natives  
have long used cotton cloth as  
money, but coin is now likely to be in-  
troduced.

## COMMON CACTUS.

One That Lived Seven Years Under  
a Sealed Glass Case in  
Berlin.

One of the commonest of cacti in  
gardens is the Echinopsis multiplex,  
a small subglobose species, with five  
or six sharp ribs, and sparsely sprink-  
led with a few clusters of long, black  
spines on the sharp edges of the ribs.  
It sends up occasionally a large, white  
tubular flower, which, like so many  
of the family, opens at night and soon  
withers away. In Germany a druggist  
named Ludwig Rust placed a speci-  
men under a sealed glass seven years  
ago, and it is said to be yet in a  
"thriving condition," to the surprise  
of the scientific men of Berlin, who  
are puzzled to know where it obtains  
its carbonic acid from. Many sugges-  
tions are advanced as to the source  
of this element. So far as the pub-  
lished account goes, however, there  
is no indication that the specimen was  
weighed before it was encased or  
weighed after its seven years of en-  
tombment—no evidence, it may be  
said, that any carbonic acid was ab-  
sorbed. It is just as likely to be a  
case of dormancy. It is now well un-  
derstood that in the absence of ex-  
citing causes dormancy in vegetation  
may be retained indefinitely.

## Woman's Club in Honolulu.

Unique among women's clubs, per-  
haps, is that which was launched five  
years ago in Honolulu and is now re-  
ported to be at last on a firm footing.  
It was started by an American school-  
teacher, who was wont to invite young  
women to her home once a week for  
informal conversation on some topic.  
The outgrowth was a full-fledged club  
of 34 members, most of them being  
Hawaiians, with a mixture, however,  
of Chinese and Portuguese. The pres-  
ident this year is a Chinese girl, who  
wears her quaint national costume  
when she fills the official chair.

## Occupations for Women.

The seven occupations open to wom-  
en in 1839 were teaching, needlework,  
keeping boarders, factory working,  
typesetting, bookkeeping and domestic  
service. Four hundred are open to  
them to-day.

# MEYERS BROS.'

## DEPARTMENT STORE.

# 3 THREE - SPECIAL 3

## BARGAINS!

35 Pieces All Wool Camels Hair Suitings,  
full 38 inches wide, some in solid col-  
ors, others in mixtures, Outlined  
Plaids and Fancies, which were made  
to sell for 65c the yard. In order to  
make them move quickly we have  
marked them

39 CENTS.

One Case HOME SPUNS, full 54 inches  
wide Exceedingly stylish fabric for  
full suits or skirts. Much used for  
rainy day skirts. They are in Gray,  
Brown, Blue and Black. The same  
goods we have sold all season for  
75c and 85c. this week we have them  
marked

59 CENTS.

A lot of odds and ends of seasonable  
goods in Scotch Tartan Plaids, Fan-  
cies and Mixtures, particularly nice  
for school dresses. They are goods  
that have sold up to 50c the yard. A  
closing price.

6 3=4 CENTS.

# MEYERS BROS.,

2707-2709 Washington avenue,  
NEWPORT NEWS, - VIRGINIA.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, OCT. 1, 1900.

LEAVE.	WESTBOUND.
10:02 a. m.	Daily to Richmond. Con- nects except Sunday with R. F. & P. leaving Richmond 12 noon for Washington, and with St. Louis Limited leaving Richmond 2:45 p. m. daily with Pullman Sleep- ing Cars for Cincinnati, Louis- ville or St. Louis.
5:23 p. m.	Daily Local train to Rich- mond. Connects with R. F. & P. for the North and with F. F. V. carrying Pull- man, for Cincinnati and Louisville.

EASTBOUND:

10:24 a. m.	Daily to Old Point, Norfolk and Portsmouth. Parlor car to Old Point. Connects at Norfolk on sailing days with M. & M. T. Co., and with O. D. S.S., except Sunday for New York.
5:07 p. m.	Daily. Local to Old Point, Norfolk and Portsmouth. Pullman to Old Point. Con- nects at Old Point with Steamers for Washington daily, Baltimore except Sun- day, and Cape Charles daily.

For detail information, connections,  
rates, tickets, etc., apply to your station  
agent, or to

JNO. D. POTTS  
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Richmond, Va.

## Gun Clubs' Shoot.

The Peninsula Gun Club's shoot Wed-  
nesday showed the following record:

H. N. Phillips	14
E. M. Lee	12
Peachy Spencer	9
Dr. Williams	8
C. F. Marable	7
T. D. Saunders	7
T. H. Geddy	6
F. T. South	2

The Gun and Rod Club broke the re-  
cord at their shoot yesterday, with an  
average of 94, as follows:  
B. F. Wolfe, 16; T. G. Peachy, 12; H.  
A. Wise, 11; B. D. Peachy, 8; R. Ewell  
Scott, 7; Dr. Hoy, 2.

BEFORE PURCHASING  
READ THE  
Small Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Does  
the Work. Sold by Druggists.